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THE SPIRIT



VOL. VI

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 3

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THE SPIRIT

Vol. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 3

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EDITORIAL

The students of Ames High are living in a period of great opportunities, with every chance in the world to broaden themselves. Yet I wonder how many of us ever stop to think how a moment and fortunate we are. If one will but pause for consider the conditions under which we study, he will indeed be a pessimist, if he does not think them favorable. Here we have a good modern building, offering the best of conditions under which to work, then a faculty composed of good loyal teachers,

who are ever ready to help us over the stumbling blocks, that all of us encounter. We are not governed by any stringent rules, but we are asked to measure up to certain standards which all of us feel are not unreasonable, so it should be every student's duty to keep from creating any unnecessary disorders. And above all, every one of us should cooperate in bettering the conditions and boosting for our school.

STUDENT OPINION

The Rest Room

We are very fortunate in having a rest room for girls as such few schools have. Several years ago the "Neo's" and the "Junto's" took up a collection and purchased a cot, and the teachers kindly donated a cover. This was placed in the rest room to be used in case of sickness, and not to be made a clothes rack or a bookcase. It is a deplorable sight to see the floor strewn from one end to the other with hats, coats, notebooks, and papers.

Oftentimes girls are heard to complain that the room is too small to accommodate the large number of students and we do realize that this is true. However, wouldn't there be plenty of room if all wraps, books, papers, and rubbish were kept elsewhere?

Then, too, many use the rest room as a loafing place and assemble here for the purpose of exchanging "scandal". Let us all try to improve these conditions and see if things are not more pleasant.

R. C.

The Lower Regions

On which our superintendent and teachers frown;
There is a noisy place in our town,
But all the boys and girls are wont to say,
That this is where they like to play.

If one should chance to open up the door,
He will think he is near the home of Thor,
That Pandemonium is on a raid,
Or is it just the Board of Trade?

Noisy laughter, paper balls flying,
To outdo the other each one is trying;
But friends, it's nothing more nor less,
Than a motley crowd of A. H. S.

LITERARY

TO THE SHAMROCK

Oh, there's niver a blossom or flower,
That with yeer gay, green kin can compare,
Choose the fairest rose i' the bower,
Yet to me ye would seem twice as fair.

Ye're bonnie, as e'er was the dawn,
As bright and as fresh as the dew,
We'd defend ye by might and brawn,
And 'ud do it right willingly, too.

Deep down in me heart there's a spot,
It's kept safe and warm just for you,
Ye may kin that ye'll ne'er be forgot,
For faith, an' I'm Irish, too.

—Helen Watson '17.

THE "PIED-PIPER" OF SALEM

It was a bright March morning in the peaceful village of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Anyone who passed the Duston cottage on that day in 1697, might have heard the sound of a merry song, for Margaret Balset felt very happy as she did the Saturday baking. In a few months she would be going to Salem, and the very thought of it made her happy.

Over a year ago she had left her home and come to Haverhill to live with her aunt, Mrs. Hannah Duston. Witchcraft was then at a high pitch in Salem, and because she had the gift of making children love her and was really the "Pied-Piper" of her native town, it was not safe for Margaret to remain at home. Her stories of oldentimes had made a great impression upon the little ones, and when they told these at home to their superstitious parents, it became a fact in their trouble-making minds that Margaret Balset was a "witch", so before matters should come to a crisis, the girl had been sent to visit her Aunt Hannah. Now when affairs had quieted down it was safe for Margaret to return.

When dinner was called Mr. Duston and the three children, Mary, Ann, and Charles appeared, and added their merry chatter to the joyful laugh of Margaret, who was waiting on them and on Mrs. Duston and her week-old baby.

But the best part of the day, or so it seemed to the little ones, came just after the evening meal, for then they would all gather around the large, cozy fireplace, and Margaret would tell stories. "Tell about an Injun," Charles begged that even-

ing. "No, about the witches," was Mary's request. "I'd rather hear about a fairy queen," supplemented gentle Ann.

"Well, maybe there'll be time for all," laughed Margaret. She knew that Indian stories were not very good to go to bed on, and especially at a time when real Indians were in the habit of coming in and scalping the quiet, home-loving people. So the "Injun" story was about a good old chief who carried back a lost little girl to her parents. The witch story, too, was "tame," Charles said. But even though he did not admit it, the fairy story was enchanting. Myriads of dainty fairies danced in the firelight, and the fairy queen, on her golden throne, was wonderful.

"Bedtime now for everyone," was the next event, according to Margaret's reasoning. But not so with the children. However, they were soon tucked in, and the tired but happy girl went in to have her "good night" with her aunt. When the motherly advice and comfort had been given Margaret retired to her cot in a corner of the room.

About midnight a terrible sound rent the air. In a moment the town was awake, for it had heard the war-whoop of the savages, and the battle cry of France. By the time Margaret had reached her aunt's bed, Mr. Duston had come in. A short but pointed argument ensued between husband and wife. It ended in a victory for Mrs. Duston, as it was decided that, to save the rest of the family, the husband should try to escape with the children. They would try to get to Salem. Margaret could not be persuaded to leave her aunt, so the two women were left to the mercy of the savages.

They remained quiet until finally the wild-men rushed into the cottage, and surrounded them. The unprotected women were at once taken into captivity, and were given into the charge of a family of ten savages, among whom were women and children.

Mrs. Duston had concealed the baby hoping that it might be saved in some way, but it was soon discovered, and mercilessly killed.

Then the march southward began. It was a hard time for both women, but Margaret, being the stronger, helped her aunt as much as possible. They also received some assistance from a white boy, Leonardson, who had been captured the year before, and was with this family.

The next night the Indians and their captives encamped a short distance above Concord. No watch was kept, for what could two white squaws and a little boy do? This the Redskins were soon to discover.

Mrs. Duston soon arose and took tomahawks from sleeping savages. Two of these she gave to the other prisoners, and one she kept for herself. At a signal, three hatchets descended,

and three Indians were killed, for Leonardson had learned how the Indians tomahawked to kill instantly, and had taught it to his fellow captives. Margaret, her aunt, and the white boy worked stealthily until all were killed.

Then, a discovered canoe carried them swiftly down the river toward Salem and home.

"What a queer home-coming," thought Margaret. "Instead of arriving in a sensible, respectable manner, come walking in with Aunt Hannah, a rescued white boy, and a story that will satisfy the children's interest in Indians for a little while at least."

Salem was reached in time. The rest of the family had arrived safely, and the joy was great to see the two who were believed to be lost. "Mercy, what a 'witchy' family," exclaimed Mary. "Mother bewitches and charms Indians, and Margaret little boys and gisls—and everybody."

—Lorraine Caul '19.

COURAGE!

Even though your heart is breaking,
Clouds of sorrow hanging low,
Brooding o'er you, pleasures taking;
Bending backs with burdens go,
Don't give up, just keep on trying,
Look up bravely all the way,
Face your troubles, no use flying,
Conquer each one day by day.

Be a good scout, not complaining,
Shift your cares upon another,
Bear up bravely, not be wailing,
Lean upon a stronger brother.
Wind and sunshine bring the tan,
Cares and sorrows mold the man;
Blinding snowstorms, chilly rains,
Aching hearts and troubled brains,
God sends heavy cares to strengthen,
Please and joy our lives to lengthen.

CRITICAL REVIEW

I will not lose grasp of the world because of my dream;
Because of my dream, I cannot lose grasp of the world,
Heed not the ways of the creepers, Oh dreamers of dreams,
Dreams are the light feet of goats on the crags of the
world.—Shaemas O Sheel.

In this short poem, Shaemas O Sheel has expressed dreams thoroughly and beautifully. We picture the poet, a dreamer

but one whose dreams are never permitted to master him: a man whose dreams of the high and the unattainable, yet never soars above the world on the wings of fancy. He cautions dreamers to "heed not the ways of the creepers", to be just mighty or mightier because of their dreams and not to creep along only thinking things but to accomplish them.

He pictures dreams as the "light feet of goats on the crags of the world". This comparison is certainly clever, for dreams are merely fleet and passing and leave no impression on the world as the goat leaves no footprints on the rocks and cliffs. Then dreams, like goats, mount higher than any human being and the "Crag of the world" are insurmountable cliffs where dreams alone can pass.

The long lines of O Sheel's poem give it a swinging, musical and dreamy quality, while it is expressed with a melodious and artistic development of idea.

The charm of the poem lies mostly in its melody, and the thought that is suggested.

—Ruby Wasser '17.

MEMORIES

I sit alone by my fireside,
In the shadows, the dim lights cast,
And my mind is strangely haunted,
With the phantoms of the past.

Memories of my childhood days,
Which spread a radiant glow,
Over the sad and deep reflections,
Which I now forever know.

Memories of friends I cherished
Above all things below;
But now they are only phantoms;
Of that long, long ago.

Memories of beautiful love and bliss,
Which can no more have a part;
In making life's trials seem easier,
Or soothing an aching heart.

But my heart is no longer heavy
When I think of that land so blest,
Where in the sight of Our Father;
My spirit shall ever rest.

—Clara Gilchrist '17.

HER VALENTINE

Oh, dare not read this story,
You folk of practical mind,
For 'tis a lover's story,
And about a Valentine.

Janet, who was sitting curled up in her father's big arm chair, before the fire, closed her magazine with a sigh of discontent. No, there was nothing the matter with the story. It had been a wonderful love story, such as we often find in magazines, and Janet, being a thoroughly lively and romantic girl of sixteen, enjoyed it as only sweet sixteens can. Of course, the girl in the story was a dear sweet girl, as they always are, with beautiful wavy hair, deep sparkling eyes, and—you know the rest. But it wasn't the girl she was thinking of, so much as the man. Wasn't he wonderful?

"Why, why aren't here any men like that now?" she said to herself. "Why, I don't know a boy in our high school, who looks like that, and who would ever think of saying and doing all the splendid things that he did. Take Ross, for instance, why, he isn't anything like that. And the boy in the story sent her a beautiful valentine, too, and Ross would think that was babyish now, for he hasn't sent me any valentines since I was in the eighth grade. Oh, I want a valentine! If he'd only be thoughtful enough of me, and care enough about me, to send me one, I'd like him as well as the story man, even if he doesn't say such nice things. But he won't."

Then she sighed again, and went to her room, and wrote all of her troubles in a faithful little diary.

The next day at school she just couldn't talk to Ross, except to say "yes" or "no" to his questions, for he seemed so far away from the ideal of the story and so common and sensible and uninteresting.

"Oh, I say, Janet," he finally exploded, "can't you at least be human? You might treat a fellow as if you knew him at any rate." But she only shrugged her shoulders, and hurried to her classes just as the bell rang.

Tomorrow, Elgin High was to play her last basketball game of the season, and Janet, being a very loyal student, of course, went to the game. (Ross was captain of the team, but that really didn't make any more difference to her than it would to any other girl in her place.) She watched the first half of the game with an indifference, which was really quite unusual for her. At the beginning of the second half she was quite as indifferent, and was not at all aroused when the girl next to her nudged her, and whispered in an excited voice, "Somebody's hurt". What did it matter to Janet, anyway; but in a moment she became somewhat aroused by the fact, that they were still

morning over the boy on the floor. Soon, however, two of the boys picked up their comrade, and carried him off the floor. As they passed her, she saw that the boy's face was working with pain, and that it was Ross.

"His ankle's broken, I guess," the girl next to her whispered in an awed tone.

The tears came to Janet's eyes, and it was with difficulty that she kept them back. Oh, why hadn't she appreciated Ross before, and to think how horrid she had been. Think of what he was suffering for his school, and he was so human, too. The story man wasn't, and he never could have been as brave as Ross was. She liked him better, oh, a thousand times better, than the man in the story, even if he didn't send her a valentine, and she would make up or everything when she saw him again.

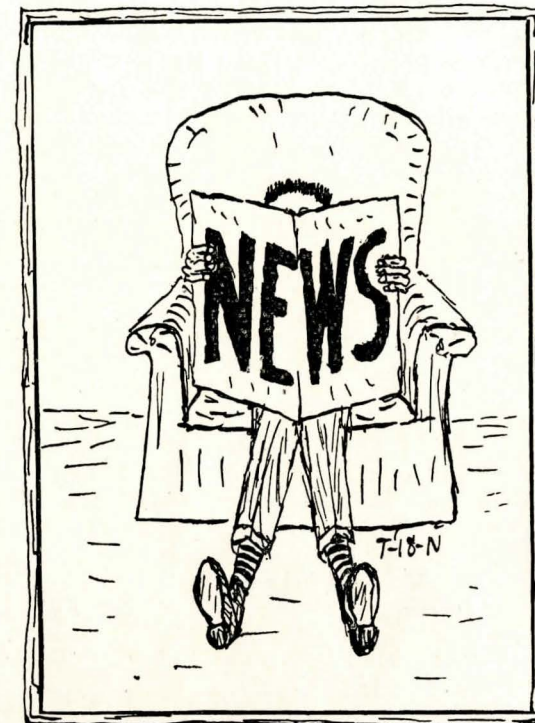
After the game, she hurried home, wondering how soon she would see him again, and repenting for her foolishness. As she came into the house, Bob, a small and mischievous brother, ran to her crying, excitedly, "Janet, Oh, Janet! There's a package for you".

Surprised, and somewhat mystified, Janet hurried to the table and picked up the package. She opened it hastily, and inside of a box of delicious chocolates she found a card bearing the following inscription in well-known hand-writing, "To my Valentine".

"Why," she exclaimed aloud, "how did he know I wanted a valentine"?

Then, as Bob choked back a laugh, she thought of her diary, and she laughed; laughed at Bob, her story man, her foolishness, and from pure joy.

D. P. '17.



On Friday afternoon, Jan. 26, the Juniors and Seniors, and the Freshmen and Sophomores gave joint literary programs, which in both cases, were very good. After their conclusion, the High School assembled in the auditorium for a "pep" meeting for the debate with Carroll High School, in the evening. The two football yell leaders, "H" and "Hap", together with Mr. Pollard, who led in the High School songs, succeeded in arousing some of the old-time football enthusiasm.

Friday night, January 26, the Ames High debating team, consisting of Glen Bute, Helen Watson and Barclay Noble, met the Carroll High team, in the first contest of the season. The teams were well matched, although Carroll had the more experienced speakers. Both teams had their material well in hand and the arguments presented, were very good. This was the first time that Ames High ever tried out in such a contest and the team deserves credit for the plucky fight they put up, even if he judges did decide unanimously for Carroll.

On Thursday evening, January 18, Josephine Wilkenson and Beatrice Olson entertained the Spirit staff at the home of the former, in honor of Miss Coskery, the teacher advisor of the

"Spirit", who left Ames High at the close of the first semester. Music and games were some of the features of the evening's entertainment and it was discovered that two of the members possessed some unknown vocal talent, with which they were very anxious to entertain the guests. At the close of the evening, a delicious two-course luncheon was served and the guests departed to their homes, declaring that "Jo" and "Beadie" were royal entertainers.

Our first semester has come to a close and is by this time a part of history. A new plan was adopted this year, in which the semester exams were abandoned, much to the delight of the students, but, much to the sorrow there was no vacation between semesters. Some of our old students dropped out, but several new students entering, have taken their places and we are all hard at work again.

The preliminary declamatory contest will be held the twenty-first of February in a special assembly. There will be about twenty contestants, of which, the nine best will be chosen, and they will compete in the final contest in March. All of the English teachers are giving special credit to the students taking part. Much interest has been manifested in this contest, and it is hoped it will be a lively one.

A pep meeting was held after school Friday, February 2, in anticipation of the basketball game that evening. We are sorry to state that only a few of the students were present, but it was a "peppy" meeting, anyway. Yells, interesting talks by Mr. Steffy, Mr. Thompson, Paul Hammond, and Lyle McCarty were given.

FRESHMAN PARTY

The Freshmen held a class meeting in the Auditorium on February 5. Several important matters were brought up, and the class chose green and gold as their class colors. They also decided to have a "Hard Time" party, Friday, February 9. This will be a big affair for the "Preps" and they are all expecting a good time.

ASSEMBLIES

Our assemblies have been rather on the quiet order of late, due to the fact that the plans of the faculty have not worked out according to their expectations. Arrangements were made, on several occasions, for prominent men to be present and speak, but these plans miscarried and it was necessary to call on the faculty.

One day, Mr. Weller, national organizer of the playground movement, gave us a short talk, and the rest of the period was

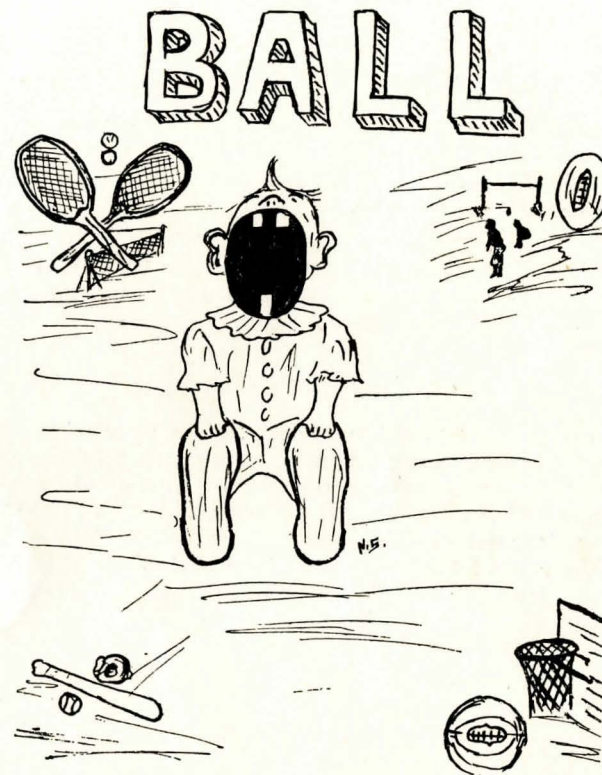
devoted to music. The students sang a number of High School songs, after which Miss Gates gave several instrumental selections, much to the delight of the students, who called her back three or four times.

We are very sorry that Miss Coskery left Ames High, but we are glad to welcome Miss Mills. Although we miss the good fellowship and advice of our old friend, we are fast becoming acquainted with Miss Mills, who has shown a great deal of enthusiasm not only in class work, but in giving her assistance to the "Spirit" staff. We hope that she will enjoy her work with us as much as we, in turn, will enjoy our work with her.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

Tuesday, January 30, the Seniors held a class meeting in the High School Study Hall. This meeting was held for the purpose of choosing the class pin and ring, but as the samples at hand were not satisfactory, the class decided to see others before making their decision.

At this same meeting, Josephine Wilkenson read a letter from Miss Coskery in appreciation of the Skin given her by the Senior class.



SENIORS WIN CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP

Winning five games out of six, the Seniors carried off the honors of the annual inter-class basketball series. Each team played six games ending with the following standing:

	Won	Lost
Seniors	5	1
Juniors	4	2
Freshmen	2	4
Sophomores	1	5

Now that the class series are disposed of, Coach Thompson will devote the rest of his time to sifting out a team that will represent the school during the following season.

A promising string of recruits who have been practicing daily for the last month, are fast becoming proficient basket tossers.

A nine-game schedule has been arranged, but owing to the lack of floor space, only three will be played on the home floor.

1917 SCHEDULE

Boone at Boone.....	Nov. 24
Colo at Home.....	Feb. 2
Toledo at Toledo.....	Feb. 3
Indianola at Indianola.....	Feb. 9
Dallas Center at Dallas Center.....	Feb. 16
Algona at Algona.....	Mar. 2
Tournament at Fort Dodge.....	Mar. 9
Nevada at Home.....	
Nevada at Nevada.....	Mar. 16

FIRST TEAM GAME—SECOND SERIES

Sophomores 13—Juniors 11

In a rough and tumble game, the Sophomore turned the tables on the Juniors and whipped them 13-11. The Sophs. showed a marked improvement over their former games, both in team work and basket shooting. Hammond and Ricketts starred for the Sophomores while McCarty, Innes and Sauvain were the mainstays of the Juniors.

Sophomores			Juniors	
	Field G.	Free T.		
Ricketts F.	2	1	Sauvain F.	2
Pepper F.	0	0	Sage F.	0
Hammond C. ..	3	0	Innes C.	2
Ross G.	0	0	McCarty G.	0
Anderson G. ...	1	0	Dunlap G.	0
Hess G.	0	0		
	6	1		3

Seniors 15—Freshmen 12

In a hard fought and exciting game the Seniors won from the Freshmen 15-12. When the final whistle blew the score stood 12-12 and it required one 3 minute and three 2 minute extra periods to decide the victor.

The feature of the game was the exceptionally close guarding by both teams.

L. Hoon, Bennett and Posegate were the stars for the Freshmen while Dvoracek, Mabie and Waitley held the honors for the Seniors.

Seniors			Freshmen	
	Field G.	Free T.		
Dvoracek F. ...	4	0	E. Elliott F....	0
Lerdall F.	0	3	Bennett F.	4
			L. Hoon C.	3

Mabie C.2	0	Scoville G.0	0
Crosby G.0	0	Posegate G.1	0
Lewis G.0	0	Grey G.0	0
Waitley G.0	0		
<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
6	3	4	4

Freshmen 13—Sophomores 11

Of all the games which had been played, this one outranked and outclassed them all. The Freshmen played an exceptionally good offensive game, and time and again broke up the Sophomore's defense. Both teams passed the ball well.

Bennett tallied 9 points for the Freshmen and Hammond 7 for the Sophomores.

Freshmen		Sophomores	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Bennett F.4	1	Ricketts F.2	0
E. Elliott F.1	0	Anderson F.0	0
L. Hoon C.0	0	Hammond C.3	1
Posegate G.1	0	Pepper G.0	0
Scoville G.0	0	Ross G.0	0
<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
6	1	5	1

Seniors 9—Juniors 7

In a close game the Seniors won from the Juniors by a scant two point margin. The Juniors lead at the end of the first half 7-5 but were unable to score a single point during the last half.

Dvoracek for the Seniors, and Innes for the Juniors, lead in the scoring.

Seniors		Juniors	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Dvoracek F.3	0	Sauvain F.0	0
Lewis F.1	0	McCarty F.1	0
Lerdall C.0	1	Musson F.0	0
Crosby G.0	0	Innes C.2	0
Shull G.0	0	Sage G.0	1
		Dunlap G.0	0
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4	1	3	1

Juniors 22—Freshmen 8

In a hard fought game the Juniors completely outclassed and outplayed the first year men, winning by a fourteen point margin.

The Freshmen failed to show any of their fighting qualities and team work of the night before.

Bennett for the Freshmen and Innes and McCarty for the Juniors were the chief point winners.

Juniors		Freshmen	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Sauvain F.2	0	Bennett F.2	0
Musson F.2	0	E. Elliott F.0	0
Innes C.3	1	L. Hoon C.1	0
McCarty G.3	1	Posegate G.1	0
Dunlap G.0	0	Scoville G.0	0
Saffly G.0	0		
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10	2	4	0

Seniors 7—Sophomores 5

A perfectly peaceful game to begin with, but had it been continued five minutes overtime, would, in all probability have resembled the great conflict across the Atlantic more than a high school basketball game.

Having trimmed the Juniors the night before the Sophs. were reluctant to part with their winning streak so soon and as a result the game was somewhat rougher than usual.

Seniors		Sophomores	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Dvoracek F.2	1	Ricketts F.0	0
Lerdall F.1	0	Pepper F.0	0
Mabie C.0	0	Hammond C.1	1
Lewis G.0	0	Ross G.0	0
Crosby G.0	0	Anderson G.1	0
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3	1	2	1

Freshmen 10—Sophomores 9

With the score 9 to 4 at the end of the first half, victory to the first year men looked like an almost "hopeless case". But the Sophs. received the surprise of their lives, when the Freshmen came back in the second half and tallied 6 points to their 0, sufficient to give them the game by one point. Dalby was the individual point winner for the Freshmen while R. Potter and Howell were the mainstays of the Sophs.

Freshmen		Sophomores	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
O'Brien0	0	R. Potter1	3
Dalby4	0	Howell2	0
Coburn0	0	Meyers0	0
Stewart0	0	Johns0	0
Armstrong0	0	Fitch0	0
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5	0	3	3

Juniors 10—Seniors 4

The Senior seconds were unable to live up to the standards of the first team and allowed the Juniors to take their measure 10-4.

R. Hoon made the four points for the Seniors on fouls. Kern played a good game for the Juniors, making five of their ten points.

Juniors		Field G. Free T.		Seniors	
	Field G.	Free T.			
Kern	2	1	Deal	0	0
Beach	1	0	Ewing	0	0
Saffly	0	0	R. Hoon	0	4
E. Johnson	0	1	Dunkle	0	0
Apland	0	0	Logsdon	0	0
Ballinger	1	0	Mathre	0	0
			P. Potter	0	0
	4	2		0	4

Juniors 22—Sophomores 2

The Juniors had little difficulty in winning from the Sophs. Although both team had frequent chances for a basket, they were unable to shoot them through the loop.

Beach and Kerns were the chief point winners for the Juniors while Fitch, R. Potter and Meyers played a good defensive game for the Sophomores.

Ames 19—Boone 20

Inability to register free throws, constant fouling, and a large floor were the chief reasons for losing the first game on the schedule. For the first few minutes the team was completely lost on the big floor and Boone had registered nine points before the echo of the first whistle had scarcely died away. But once the locals got their bearings they played the Boone team to a standstill. Three baskets in quick succession by Hammond, followed by two long ones from the center of the field by McCarty, brought the score up to a somewhat respectable level and from then on until the final whistle it was a battle royal for victory. The last half was played on even terms, both teams scoring six points.

Hammond and McCarty starred for the home team and Meredith and Johnson for Boone.

Referee: Linden of I. S. C.

Ames		Boone	
	Field G. Free T.		Field G. Free T.
Innes F.	1 0	Meredith F. ...	2 8
Lerdall F.	1 0	Johnson F.	3 0

Dvoracek F. ...	0	Cummings C. ...	1 0
Hammond C. ...	4 1	Nelson G.	0 0
McCarty G. ...	3 0	Shroadler G.	0 0
Dunlap G.	0 0	Land G.	0 0
Anderson G.	0 0	Pollersin G.	0 0
	9 1		6 8

Ames 63—Colo 22

Trounced by Boone, by a scant one point the week before, the team took revenge out on Colo and trimmed them by a forty-one point margin. The locals had a good eye for baskets but their team work was poor. Hammond and McCarty starred for Ames.

A good crowd turned out to witness the first home game.

Ames		Colo	
	Field G. Free T.		Field G. Free T.
Ricketts F.	5 0	Sharkey F.	3 0
Sauvain F.	0 0	Hand F.	4 0
Innes F.	3 0	Farren C.	3 2
Lerdall F.	4 1	Causer G.	0 0
Hammond C. ...	14 1	Wherry G.	0 0
McCarty G.	5 0		
Dunlap G.	0 0		
Dvoracek G.	0 0		
	13 1		10 2

Ames 34—Toledo 26

Encouraged by their victory over Colo the night before the team went to Toledo and repeated their performance but not on such a large scale. Near the close of the last half the scores stood 26-26, but four baskets, in the last few minutes, by Hammond, Ricketts, McCarty and Innes cinched the game for Ames.

Ricketts with five baskets was individual point winner while Innes, Hammond and McCarty caged four apiece.

Ames		Toledo	
	Field G. Free T.		Field G. Free T.
Innes F.	4 0	Houghton F. ...	3 0
Ricketts F.	5 0	Westfell F.	5 0
Hammond C. ...	4 0	DuPre C.	2 0
McCarty G.	4 0	Mathurn G.	1 0
Dunlap G.	0 0	Somers G.	2 0
	17 0		13 0

Referee: Baxter of Toledo.



As the saying "Laugh and the world laughs with or at you" applies especially to our High School world, we have adopted the following "chuckles" from the exchanges we have received. Remember these are only a sample and you can probably find some better laughs if you'll take the time to read our exchanges.

SCHOOL LIFE

Weep, and you're called a baby,
 Laugh, and you're called a fool,
 Yield, and you're called a coward,
 Stand, and you're called a mule.
 Smile, and they'll call you silly,
 Frown, and they'll call you gruff,
 Put on a front like a millionaire,
 And somebody'll call your bluff.

A LOCAL VARIETY

Senior: "I ain't never made but one gramatical error, and when I seen it I taken it back."

NOT ALWAYS

Junior: "Do you always stutter?"
 Freshie: "N-n-n-n-no-o-o on-on-l-ly w-w-w-wh-when I-I-I-I-I s-s-s-sp-speak."

HIGH SCHOOL SPIRIT

21

Early to bed and early to rise,
 Love all the teachers and tell them no lies.
 Study your lessons that
 You may be wise,
 And buy from the firms that advertise.

If you hear a joke
 That really makes you grin,
 Don't waste it on yourself,
 But write it down and hand it in.

MODERN HISTORY

Teacher: "What are the children of the Czar called?"
 Willie Mc's Understudy: "Czardines."

EVER FELT LIKE THIS?

Public Speaker: "Ladies and G-g-gentlemen: When I came here tonight only two people knew my speech, my father and myself. N-n-now o-only f-f-father knows i-it."

ANOTHER SPASM

Latin is a dead, dead language,
 It's as dead as it can be;
 It killed off all the Romans,
 And now it's killing me.

Our idea of a soft snap: Being janitor of an air castle.

Last night I held a little hand,
 So dainty and so neat;
 I thought my heart would break with joy,
 So wildly did it beat.
 No other hand unto my heart,
 Could greater solace bring,
 For the little hand I held last night
 Was four acres and a king.

Sh! If ye eat onions don't breathe it to a soul.
 Notice! Don't use chipped glass in your breakfast food.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth to cater to our appetities."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough".

SEPTEMBER 5

Hark! Hark!
 The Freshies act smart,
 The Preps are coming to school;
 The Sophs are elated,
 The Juniors inflated,
 The Seniors begin their wise rule.

Little lines of Latin,
 Little lines to scan,
 Make a mighty Virgil,
 And a crazy man.

Neighbor: "How's your boy getting along with his studies?"
 Father: "Fine, he don't bother them any."

METERS

There is meter in music,
 There is meter in tone,
 But the best place to meter,
 Is to meter alone.

SONG OF THE BU\$INE\$\$ MANAGER

How dear to my heart i\$ the ca\$h of the \$ub\$criber\$,
 When the generou\$ sub\$criber pre\$ent\$ it to view;
 But he who won't pay, I refrain from de\$cribing,
 For perhap\$, gentle reader, that one may be you.

He put his arm around her neck,
 And the color left her cheek;
 But upon the shoulder of his coat,
 It showed up for a week.

Notice: Hereafter all jokes will be written on tissue paper
 so the Freshmen can see through them.

Ich weiss nicht wass soll es bedeuten
 Dass ich so traurig bin,
 Ich habe mein pony vergessen
 Esging mir gerade aus dem Sinn.
 Herr Professor ist kuehl and er chuckles
 And ruhing lacht er in glee,
 Er glaubt dass er will jemand flunken;;
 Ach, Himmel!! Kann dass sein me?

ALUMNI



Laurence Murphy, Earl Quade and De Vere McNeil are putting in their valuable time on the border.

Hazel Davis, who is now at Cedar Falls, is moving to Texas. Elizabeth Kooser, formerly with Tilden Store, is now employed by the Gas Company.

Hazel McQuillan is now attending Grinnell, taking the music course.

Helen Raymond is also attending Grinnell.

Pall Melick is very busy at present trying to perfect his wireless.

Geo. Olsan has returned from C. C. C. C. to assist in the new firm.

Baily Waltmire is taking a theological course at Northwestern.

Cora Willey is employed in the Treasurer's office at the college.

Glen Wilson is married. Nuff sed.

Myra Wasser is drawing her money from the Dean's office.

Martha Farnum '12 has been elected to the Omicron Nu Nu.

Glen Carberry has returned from West Point and is beginning work at I. S. C.

Sarah McElyea is now trying Drake Uni. It's nearer home.

Dwight Britten, Lester Sweringen, Clarence Smith and several others have severed their connection with I. S. C.

Carl Clark '13 is now some carpenter.

Robt. McCarthy has been appointed to West Point. Congratulations.

Gladys Ricketts has quit college. Can you guess?

Neta Snook didn't like it at Iowa, so she is attending I. S. C.

Garnet Searle has been nominated for Sophomore representative of the Women's Guild I. S. C.

Pearl Cameron has withdrawn from I. S. C. on account of ill health.

Edith Curtis '13 is president of the Red Heads, a new club of brick tops at I. S. C.

Without the cooperation of all of the members of Ames High the Alumni Department will not survive. The editor thinks it no more than proper that you give your support to this part of the Spirit. Of course, you may not be interested in this department, but there are some who like to hear about the alumni. A successful high school paper must contain a complete history of the affairs of the school. This does not refer to the present alone, but to the past as well. Do you think that any of the alumni would subscribe for the paper, if all it contained was the news of the high school proper. If each one of you would take it upon yourselves to contribute something toward this department, there is no doubt the alumni would give us better support than they have given. It will make the Spirit an all around edition, instead of one which is of interest to the present day student only.

JOKES

SPIRIT SPASMS

Voice sneaking into Pratt's parlor: "Geraldine, we don't mind about the light bill, but please ask Tom not to carry off the morning paper."

Paul Hammond: "What is the best thing to increase chest expansion?"

Sarcastic Friend: "Mention in the 'Times' as a basketball artist."

Ever notice that Johnson was spelled with a capital "J"?

Miss Clark (talking about imported goods in Commercial Geography class): "What is one product that we cannot do without?"

Joe A.: "Dates."

In Senior Eng. (class discussing a poem describing ideal farm life.)

Helen Curtiss: "That poet doesn't know anything about farm life. I don't think they ought to write about things they don't know anything about."

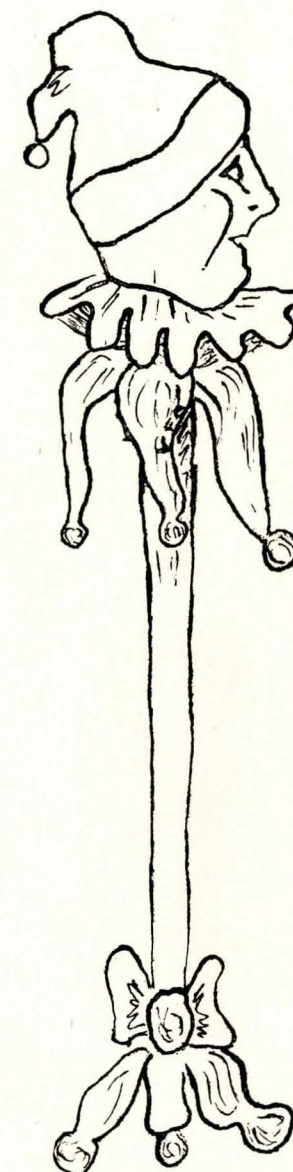
Miss Coskery: "Why, Helen, he wasn't writing for an Ag. magazine."

Overheard at an A. H. S. basketball game: A lady who was attending the game asked her friend, upon looking up into the balcony off the gym: "Why, I wonder what that little room is for?"

Her Friend: "I think it must be the domestic science room. It certainly looks like it."

(We don't wonder that they were puzzled as to what the place is used for.)

Miss Johnson (to class). "Once, when I went home on a va-



cation, I fell asleep and was carried past past Oskaloosa two stations."

Ted Russell: "Pretty good joke on you, wasn't it?"

Miss J.: "Rather too far fetched."

Patron: "Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

Bob Sage: "There was, sir, but I wiped it off."

D. P. (in Senior Eng. class) "Miss Coskery, would you say that poetry was only that which contained a beautiful thought beautifully expressed?"

Miss C. "No, I don't believe that I would."

D. P. "Well, Mr. Hicks gave that as a definition and I just wanted to see if it was right."

Miss A. Sprague (on second floor hall) to Ralph Ross: "What are you doing here?"

Ralph: "Standing still."

Miss Sprague: "Move on, what if everybody stood still, how would the rest get past?"

(Don't blame us if you heard her "spring" that one once before.)

Miss Coskery: "Thomas, point out the pronoun in the sentence just given."

T. M. "I didn't understand the sentence."

Miss C. "Is that what you were just asking Leona?"

T. M. "No, I was telling her what it was."

Miss C. "Evidently when you tell a thing you lose it."

T. M. "Well, then, she's got it."

Miss A. Sprague: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise person can answer."

(No wonder we flunk so many exams.)

I wish that Washington had died
When he was but a kid,
I wish the earth had been "sehr" square,
And over "Chris" had slid.

I wish Magellan had lost his way
And hit the south pole bang!
If only the Mayflower'd never sailed
I wouldn't now use slang.

I wish John Smith had married young
And settled down in France,
And I could do as well as he
If I only had the chance.

These friends are gone and buried,
And I hope they're resting well,
But 10 to 1 the woe they've caused
Will make them go to Hell!



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Miss Simpers:

The way I walk has been causing me a great deal of annoyance. Although it is graceful, I wish you would tell me how to abstain from springing.

Harold Crosby.

My dear Mr. Crosby:

Purchase a walking chair and learn over.

Dear Miss Simpers:

You will pardon one who is not a student, if she writes to you for advice, for I really do not see why your department should not be opened to all who are lovelorn. I am an A. H. S. teacher, but of late I am sure that I have felt as young as any of my pupils. I am engaged to be married. Now that it has come upon me, I wish to know how I may live, after the wedding, so that neither of us will regret it.

Miss S. Clark.

Dear Miss Clark:

Live the same good natured life after the wedding, as you have always lived before, and both of you are sure to be happy.

Theorem: If I love a girl, she loves me.

Given: I love a girl.

To prove: She loves me.

Proof: All the world loves a lover.—Shakespeare.

My girl is all the world to me.

Therefore: My girl equals the world.

(Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.)

Therefore: My girl loves a lover. I am a lover. My girl loves me.—Ex.

An A. H. S. student's interpretation of:

Much Ado About Nothing—Freshman Class Meeting.

As You Like It—No Class on account of assembly.

The Sweetest Story Ever Told—You may have until Monday to get your notebooks in.

Silver Bell—The one at 4:15.

The Lost Words—I know, Mr. Hicks.

Divine Comedy—The girls' rest room.

Inferno—The office after you've skipped class.

The Rosary—A string of unexcused absences.

Utopia—A land of no schools.

Praise of Folly—A Freshman girl.

Plgrem's Progress—A student's trip home for his report card.

Paradise Lost—A broken date.

Paradse Regained—Two successive date nights.

Midsummer Night's Dream—Commencement in June.

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